Together As One

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Together As One

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Having settled down in Paris for now, Will struggles with the lack of intimacy and Hannibal‘s avoidance. When Will is about to resign to Hannibal’s distance, Hannibal surprises him.

Sequel to “When The Teacup Comes Together and Replicates”

Will didn't know what was wrong or he had done to his omega in the last few days. Except for the betrayal. That was a valid explanation for Hannibal to be still upset with him, of course, but Will had the distinct feeling it wasn't this particular matter bothering his mate. Every time he tried to approach his pregnant omega, wrap his arms around the growing belly of his yet-to-be mate and tempt him into more intimacy when Abigail was not around and exploring the sights and spots of Paris on her own in the afternoon or early evenings, Hannibal pulled away. He always found an excuse to do something else like doing the laundry, vacuuming the house or head to the market to stock up the supplies for the fridge.

Right now they lingered in the kitchen. Abigail had gone out again after dinner. Hannibal was cleaning and polishing the glasses in a very slow and elegant way as if he had all the time in the world. Smelling another opportunity for physical contact, Will sneaked up from behind and nuzzled him, making the omega tense up and hitch his breath, but not stopping him.

"Not now, Will", Hannibal commented on that in a clipped tone just like every time Will sought affection. "I need to finish the dishes without distraction."

Pursing his lips and suppressing a growl, Will pulled away and assisted Hannibal in cleaning the rest of the plates, the knives, and the kitchenware, but he was a little dismayed by the rejection. He discerned he may have hurt Hannibal with his words in his office back then when they talked about his heat and the sex Hannibal had forced upon him .

When the process of doing the household chores had come to an end, Will followed him to the study where Hannibal settled down on the piano bench and started composing a little, writing some chords down on the parchment sheet in front of him occasionally.

Sensing Will behind him, Hannibal shot another cool glance at the alpha "Not now, Will, I want to finish this piece and need to be focussed." The alpha said nothing to that but left the room in irritation, slamming the door shut. He retreated to the couch and grabbed a book from the shelf, attempting to distract himself, yet was unable to remember what he was reading.

When both were ready to go to bed, having brushed their teeth and slipped into comfy silken pajamas they have bought in some renowned, fancy boutiques Hannibal knew from his previous stays in the city of love, Will wanted to get it out before he would erupt like a volcano that had bottled up the lava for far too long.

"Uhm.Hannibal. Can we just talk?" Will asked him in a soft, empathetic voice when they had walked in through the door and made way to their side of the king-size bed.

"Is there any particular reason for your current dissatisfaction? Hannibal asked curtly, sounding very snappish and detached, slipping under the duvet.

Will despised this passive-aggressiveness anI immature sulking. He had to take a deep breath to not burst out in anger and hurt the omega.

“Well, I don’t know what I’ve done, except...you know what...but you keep avoiding me when I try to be intimate with you”, he admitted, watching Hannibal settling down on the bed, pulling the duvet up to his chin.

Hannibal visibly tensed. His face closed off completely and became an impenetrable mask difficult to interpret, even for Will’s heightened sense of empathy.

“I didn’t avoid you”, he responded at last.

“And I already forgave you for that betrayal or you wouldn’t even be here with me.”

Propped up against the large pillow behind him,Will crossed his arms on his chest, his eyes sparkling in anger. He scoffed in disbelief. The furious look accompanied by his dismissing scoff made Hannibal shut off even more.

“I didn't want to make you have intercourse *like a wanton bitch* again ”, Hannibal explained in a frigid tone.He reached out to the wall, flicking the light off, leaving Will literally in the dark. “Maybe you are aware now how it feels to be rejected.”

In the tense and awkward silence, Will found no sleep. He tossed and turned in the sheets. His thoughts prowled back to the evening before they left. He didn’t know his comments had hit Hannibal so hard and why he was so vulnerable all of a sudden. Hannibal never was. Maybe it was the pregnancy. Hormones could be tricky after all. Or he had really fucked up. Well, both have fucked up in their own way. Even Steven. The universe demanded balance for each sin.

At least he didn't sulk because of the betrayal and was in the progress of forgiving him for the comment on that evening and his refusal to bond back in Wolf Trap seemed to have hurt him even more.He would wait until Hannibal’s mood had improved. It had to be the hormones. This demeanour was childish.

He didn’t have to wait long.

Flinging his legs over the edge of the bed to walk downstairs for a glass of any liquor that was in their loft, he was surprised and held back. Hannibal grabbed his wrist, halting him from leaving. Maroon eyes were glancing at him with fear and worry. Astounded, Will obeyed but decided to let Hannibal speak for once. Pheromones swept up to calm his upset omega.

“I’m sorry, Will”, Hannibal apologized quietly.

Will rolled towards Hannibal in the bed and snuggled up closer until he felt the swollen midsection brush against his. Lying close to Hannibal, he drank in his delicious scent and felt the body heat on his skin.

“I’m sorry, too”, Will said, dabbing the tears away from the corner of Hannibal’s eyes and his cheeks, shocked to see the omega being so exposed. He actually never saw the omega raw like this outside of the heat.

Will's hands reached out Hannibal's face and cupped it, the digits caressing the smooth, clean shaved jawline and his sharp cheekbones.

"I shouldn't have said that in the office and should have bonded with you sooner. But I was torn.."

Hannibal's lips curled up to a faint, knowing smile. Forgiveness lay in his eyes.

"I know. And I should not have taken that personally."

The omega buried his face in the crook of Will's neck and Will relished in him seeking intimacy and relief even though it was unexpected. He draped an arm around his omega's waist and rubbed his back tenderly, waiting for a signal of the omega to continue.

"My hormones are currently getting the better of me. I was afraid of intimacy after you told me you only wanted to do this only once to get me through my heat. It hurt me you didn't want to bond with me back then."

Hannibal gazed up at a Will once more with that emotional expression in his maroon eyes, while confessing his feelings to him. As an answer the alpha dragged him into a deep, alleviating kiss which Hannibal reciprocated eagerly, shoving his tongue into Will's mouth and locking it with his own. The kiss was relieving for them both, the tension being purged with it. Hannibal bit on Will's bottom lip.

A little drop of blood rippled out, making him growl wild with lust. Equally aroused, Hannibal wanted more and cupped Will's face into his hands, yanking him closer to him. He laid on his back, Will hovering above him. Hannibal separated shortly from Will, only to groan against his mouth in between the wild, fierce kisses: "I want you to have sex and bond with me."

Hannibal received another low, animalistic growl as response and Will unbuttoned Hannibal's pajama in his aroused state. He pulled down his pants with ferocity and impatience. Hannibal supported him and entangled his legs from the mess of pajama pants and silken panties, then tossed them to the floor. Next Will removed his pajama and added them to the pile of clothes. Hannibal tugged at his boxer shorts in the same greedy, impatient manner.

Looming above Hannibal, Will placed his hands next to Hannibal's head on the pillow, entrapping the omega beneath him between his arms.

Will's bulging cock had already hardened and was leaking precum at the top of it. It left a wet spot on Hannibal's baby bump as it pressed against it when Hannibal bucked up his hips.

Knowing sex would be a bit tricky with Hannibal's swollen bump, Will stilled. He was unsure on how to position himself to avoid squeezing or putting more pressure on the baby bump. "I don't want to hurt you", Will whispered noticing Hannibal's questioning look when he stilled in his movements. Then he planted short, gentle kisses on his upper body, making way to his breasts. He sucking at the nipples of his growing breasts, making Hannibal mewl and whimper. Droplets of milk rippled out of them. He swallowed the tiny amount of the white, nurturing fluid.

”Hmm”, Will commented with a grin. ”Your milk is delicious.”

Hannibal looked surprised he was already producing milk when the baby was not even born but the compliment boosted his ego and a self-complacent glow appeared in his eyes.

Leaving the breasts, Will explored the rest of his body, wandering down with this tongue and hands very slowly. He took his time to touch every inch of his omega he would soon bond with.

“I think we might have to switch positions”, Hannibal breathed, watching Will retreating to his groin.” He gasped as Will took the whole length of his cock into his mouth.

”Sex in missionary style is not going to work for us in the next months.”

Will hummed in agreement, letting the head of Hannibal’s dick pop out of his mouth with a smacking noise. Hannibal grumbled a little at the loss of Will’s hot, wet mouth.

“Get up, big boy”, Will teased Hannibal, licking his fangs at the sight of the pliant and submissive omega beneath him.

Hannibal obeyed. Will assisted him getting on his knees. After finding a manageable position on the bed, Hannibal pushed up his bottom while kneeling on all fours on the mattress of the bed, his upper body pressed down against the mattress as well as he could. Will moved to his backside, then licked around Hannibal’s rim, making the omega spawn out more lecherous wails and cries as his tongue darted into his puckered hole.

Slick flowed out in rivulets as Hannibal’s arousal intensified and Will drank from it, too. He recalled tasting it before but now he savored it in full consciousness. He savored their intimacy and did not deny it.

Now they were together despite everything. Despite what happened between them. The manipulation, the framing, the murder of Beverly - all that didn’t matter at this moment and seemed to stretch backward in time until it became irrelevant and turned into ancient things that happened long ago.

His tongue and fingers moved in and out, but Will stopped when Hannibal prompted Will with a motion of his hands to turn him around.

”I want to see you when we bond”, Hannibal panted.

Instinctively Will laid down on his back, thinking it would be the best way to be close to Hannibal. Having adjusted, Hannibal sat down on his cock and shivered as Will’s cock breached his entrance. New tears found their ways in his face.

Will let Hannibal sink down and held still for a moment as he wanted Hannibal to determine the pace of their sex.

Hannibal held Will’s hands and squeezed it.They kept their gaze locked all the time, their eyes piercing deep into each other’s soul. This was the most intimate point of their relationship. Will hadn't allowed himself to truly connect with Hannibal during his heat.

Tonight it was all about this special emotional connection. It was all about becoming one, to be in synch. Their alpha and omega needed to be completely one and attuned to each other.

”Will”, Hannibal repeated, his voice cracking when he rocked up and down. Gradually Hannibal moved faster, making Will thrust harder and quicker inside him. His eyes had the same silver tinge as during the heat.

His breath was short and labored now. Sweat covered his skin. His cheeks were flushed deeply red.

”It’s time”, Hannibal panted.

They shifted in the bed again, searching for an angle to work well for them. They sat both up in the bed and Will pulled Hannibal closer to him, his legs draped around Will’s waist. Will pushed into him as Hannibal lowered his ass again. With the other hand, he kept stroking Hannibal’s cock, sliding his hand up and down. They kept looking. And looking. Forgetting everything.

The rhythm became a religious, hypnotising one and both were in a trance-like state. Their sex was something spiritual now, transcending the laws of physics and time.

“I love you, Will”, Hannibal whined, his eyes glowing brightly.

Sensing the moment had come, he bared his throat for Will to bite him. Will snarled and bent his head towards his scent glands and revealed his teeth. His fangs grazed his skin in a teasing way, making Hannibal quiver and clutch his back even harder.

Will exerted more pressure on his sharp teeth and soon sank them into the smooth skin. Blood rippled out and Will licked. He drank until he felt Hannibal stir and thrash. The taste of Hannibal’s blood lingered on his tongue. His mate’s eyes were curious - as if he wanted to ask what it was like to drink from him.

Then something else happened.

Will felt lightheaded, almost dizzy as if he was drunk. Their bodies and minds were one now. The room behind him grew black and for a moment they were in another dimension. He couldn’t see anything at first, except for his mate.

He gasped as the connection between them built up and grew stronger. A wind seemed to blow and tried to separate them.

“Hold on to me”, Hannibal told him while they were in that cold darkness.“It’s the Bond forming between us.

Will felt his air crushed out of his lungs at first. Jolts of electricity shot through his body.

“Just a little longer”, Hannibal whispered. “We’re almost conjoined.”

Will gasped again as there was pressure on his brain.

“Don’t fight it”, Hannibal panted. “This..is necessary.”

Flamboyant visions flashed up in front of Will’s eyes. Different rooms of Hannibal’s memory palace opened up to him. Will saw a little girl strapped on a chair. He heard her screaming for help but a soldier gagged her up and swung the axe. Blood splatters everywhere on the table.

Mischa’s death. The beginning of the Chesapeake Ripper.

Leaving behind the orphanage, Will witnessed Hannibal in Paris, bending over one of the bodies in the medical school, performing a brain surgery on it. The man was still alive. Will knew at once it must have been one of the soldiers that had eaten Mischa. Hannibal shuddered under his touch when remembering these times triggered by their bonding.

These memories were Will’s now.

Feeling Hannibal’s gaze on him, Will allowed Hannibal now to witness his upbringing. His dad Beau being drunk and Will putting him to bed. Teenager Will shouting at his father when he had broken his promise to stop spending money on alcohol and they weren’t able to pay the rent and had to move for the tenth time. When Will had finally left his father to the demise of his own making, grabbing a bag with his belongings. Will at the police academy, quivering when he learned how to shoot.

It all became a blur.

Then the flow of memories stopped and the surroundings of a familiar home began to take shape when Will didn’t want to think about his past anymore.

Will found themselves back in Wolf Trap Virginia lying in their bed. It was intact. Will was confused at first. It must have been Hannibal who had allowed Will inside his Mind Palace. Hannibal smiled at him when Will blinked in bemusement at first, looked at the bed beneath them and the dogs curled up on their beds. His heart ached a little but Will knew Hannibal had promised to bring them to Italy.

Hannibal pulled Will closer to him. He pressed his mouth against Will’s and kept up a steady rhythm. His cock was straining hard against his belly.

“Touch me”, Hannibal mewled, nibbling on Will’s earlobe. It evoked a shudder in the alpha and a hue of red appeared in his eyes. Will stroke him again, brushing a thumb over the head of his leaking dick, wrapping his fingers around it. At the same time, he hit Hannibal’s sensitive prostate with another hard and sharp thrust of his cock. Again and again and again.

Hannibal shivered, trembled and rocked out his orgasm, spilling his cum on Will’s belly. Will was close to orgasm, too. Hannibal forced up his chin with his hands and stared into the deeply diluted eyes of Will’s.

Will gasped and moaned, his body convulsing with tremors. He clutched at Hannibal’s back, leaving scratches of his nails in his back. The dogs barked. Will wanted to stroke Winston who had come to the bed but soon the illusion shattered into pieces and he was back in the

bedroom of their new apartment. Police sirens and cars rushing by in the streets of Paris droned in his ears.

Will was surprised to see Hannibal had pulled away from him, just when he wanted to knot him. But being able to glimpse into Hannibal's thoughts now he realizes it would be better for their child if they didn't.

"I just thought...", Hannibal started but was interrupted by Will who placed a finger on his lips. "Shh", he panted. "I know."

Their breathing was still fast and flat from the exhaustion, their pulse about to slow down. Disentangling and withdrawing his legs, Hannibal then collapsed to the sheets beneath him, gazing at him with a happy smile and a deep purr rumbling in his chest.

Hearing Hannibal's happy and satisfied post-coital noises, Will dropped into the sheets too. Both were resting on their sides, turned to each other, eyes half-shut. Will brushed away the damp droplets of sweat on Hannibal's skin and the omega bashed his cheeks against his palm. They gaped at each other for a long time, no words being needed to communicate, before slept crept upon them and the bonding was complete.

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